

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.

Quee. I will not speake with her.

Gent. She is importunate,
Indeed distract, her mood will needs be pittied.

Quee. What would she have?

Gent. She speakes much of her father, sayes she heares
There's trickes i'th world, and hems, and bears her heart,
Spurnes enviously at straws, speakes things in doubtr
That carry but halfe sence, her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,
And botch the words up fit to their owne thoughts,
Which as winkes, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
Indeed would make one thinke there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hora. Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.
Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Quee. "To my sicke soule, as sins true nature is,
"Each toy seemes prologue to some great amisse;
"So full of artlesse jealousie is guilt,
"It spills it selfe in fearing to be spilt.

Ophel. Where is the beauteous majesty of *Denmarke*?

Quee. How now *Ophelia*?

She sings.

Ophel. How should I your true love know from another one?
By his cocklehat and staffe, and by his sendall shoone.

Quee. Alas sweet Lady, what imports this song?

Ophel. Say you, nay pray you marke.

He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a grasse-green turfe, at his heeles a stone.
O ho.

Song.

Quee. Nay but *Ophelia*.

Oph. Pray you mark. White his shrowd as the mountain snow.

Enter King.

Quee. Alas, looke here my Lord.

Ophel. Larded all with sweet flowers,
Which beweept to the ground did not goe,
With true love showers.

Song.

King.

Prince of Denmarke.

King. How doe you pretty Lady.

Ophel. Well, good dild you, they say the Owle was a Bakers
daughter: Lord, we know what wee are, but know not what wee
may be. God be at your table.

King. Conceit upon her father.

Ophel. Pray let's have no words of this, but when they ask you
what it meanes, say you this.

To morrow is *S. Valentines* day,

Song.

All in the morning betime,

And I a maid at your window

To be your *Valentine*.

Then up he rose, and dond his clothes, and dupt the chamber door,
Let in the maid, that out a maide, never departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia*.

Ophel. Indeed, without an oath, Ile make an end on't.

By gis and by Saint Charity,

alacke and fie for shame,

Young men will doe't if they come to'r,

by cocke they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me you promis'd me to wed.

(He answers.) So should I a done, by yonder sun

And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well, we must be patient: but I cannot
chuse but weep to thinke they would lay him i'th cold ground; my
brother shall know of it, & so I thank you for your good counsell.
Come my coach, good night Ladies, good night,
Sweet Ladies good night, good night.

King. Follow her close, give her good watch I pray you.

O this is the poyson of deep griefe, it springs all from her fathers
death: and now behold O *Gertrard*, *Gertrard*,

When sorrowes come they come not single spies,

But in battalians: first, her father slaine,

Next, your sonne gone, and he most violent author

Of his owne just remove; the people muddied,

Thicke and unwholsome in thoughts and whispers

For good *Polonius* death, & we have done but greenly

In hugger mugger to interre him; poore *Ophelia*

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